

Chapter 1: “A PLAN I HAVE!” - Yoda

by Daniel John Sullivan

Tlalend-Yuul struggled with his memories ...

He could remember a time when his people were happy, at peace, prosperous.

He knew that his people had lived a kind and decent and connected life, and that his world had been at peace the longest, in a galaxy plagued by war. Yes - his planet had been left, unscarred, by the seemingly eternal Jedi light-force / dark-force conflict.

Tlalend-Yuul was a Jedi, but his people were simple farmers and merchants and just wanted to make some money, save some, spend some, and live happily and free.

Then, in the year of ROOXUM, an emissary from the Rebel Alliance or RA arrived with an ominous announcement.

ROOXUM was a time when the harvest-master would declare ALL “round vegetables” edible, but all “cylindrical ones” as sketchy, and perhaps are best given to the Monk of Pickles.

The emissary related the following: Emperor Palpatine had resurrected, again, for the 12th time ... and that “the Final-final-final-countdown Order or (FFFCO) was preparing to destroy the whole galaxy with trans-universal-cis-gendered-super-star-destroyers ...” It was going to be terrible, something must be done.

Tlalend-Yuul’s friends, and many enemies, called him “Ty”.

Ty was sent on a really obscure journey with the nominally asexual Jedi-Ray involving some kind of amulet crap, while his family and friends would wait, at home, on planet Negabolis, and hoping they would not be destroyed, right ... because that never happened, right?

Negabolis was Tlalend-Yuul’s home world. This planet was best known for condiments, mustard, relish, and especially pickles - hence weird religious vegetable rituals involving things that are cylindrical ... fuck.

Seven months after the emissary had told Ty of the “coming war”, all of Negabolis was destroyed ... not the planet, just all life on it ... the new “Imperial Weapon” amounted to spraying a terrible mold

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infestation on a planet. After it was over, the planet was still there – just covered in a thick, monstrous, mold infestation.

All colors of mold – red, yellow, black, blue, green, brown, purple ... (who knew there was a **purple mold?**), were sprayed all over Negabolis. After a few days of spraying, all living things, including people, were slowly and painfully being dissolved by super mold colonies. Ty had been off-planet battling alongside that “Jedi Ray” chick, to steal some kind of “amulet” thingy ... but that was bullshit. Ty’s family was gone now, dissolved, murdered, and he knew the empire wasn’t the real bad guy here.

Ty’s family was gone, he was alone ... his sadness ran deep.

When Ty was young, he dreamed of a small piece off land, a cabin, a minimal system for food re-generation ... because Ty? - Ty wanted to grow his own food, to touch the soil of his world ... a world of tasty condiments, with his own hands.

Ty wanted to have a family, to fall in love with a wonderful and kind heart’d and beautiful woman. As a Jedi? - people brought him stuff ... for free ... it was weird, because they never really seemed happy about it, but while drinking free beer, you never really think about it ...

“Tondiz roo, Hondiz hey.” - Nook-Ran Tuki, famous Jedi Knight of the 2nd Generation ...

Loosely translated: “You never question a free beer while drinking it.”

And now, at this point in Ty’s journey of revenge, he was there, on the swamp planet Dagobah, sitting with the long dead Yoda ...

Yoda ...

The great master of the 95 arts of Q’olic ...

Yoda ...

The dude that defeated 89 dragons at the *Battle of Palumtuous*; marking the end of the 4th great war against the Jedi who were “dark force” inclined.

The very same fucking Yoda, that totally almost defeated the Emperor Palpatine the first time ... almost completely destroyed that guy.

And here was Ty, with Yoda, at a point of spiritual confusion ... and drinking a beer ... a fucking beer Yoda had magically made available, with no rational explanation as to how except by the mere

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utterance of the phrase “the force” ... say “the force”, and shit happens in this dirt bag Jedi galaxy. Yoda said, “A beer you not see?” ... and then blammo ... a fucking beer appears.

“The force” was really just a fancy name for an STD that involves a microbe called a “midichlorian” ... mothers and fathers can pass this STD to their kids ... if their kids get it bad? - Jedi might kill you, might train you but you’re infected man.

Ty had been receiving strange messages, in his dreams, ever since the destruction of his home world ... sometimes it would be this old black lady, that would say “come to Colorado Ty ... Colorado Springs ...” ... but Ty had no idea where the fuck that place would be ...

But mainly, Yoda would come to him, in his dreams. And Ty remembered what Yoda looked like from the Yoda comic books he read, as a kid. And even though the ghost-Yoda didn’t exactly look alike, Ty was pretty sure Yoda was ghost-Yoda ... and not hallucination-Yoda ... the “Yoda” Ty met in college.

“See yourself? - you do not. Understand yourself? - you do not. But the enemy you see, and ancient it is.”

“I grow tired master Yoda.”

“My energy drinks you buy?”

“Yes ... yes.”

“What then trouble is yours?”

Yoda looked deeply, with his ghostly eyes, into Tlalend-Yuul’s ... he looked into the part of the Jedi spirit that contained all truth, all crimes, all Imperial lords and weapons and rebel victories ... every fucking awards ceremony ... throughout the wheel of galactic time.

“HOLY FUCK ... what did you do master?”

“Your mind quiet it is not. Your mind given, Yoda provides.”

“Do you remember ‘old Tuck’, the hero of the 9th Imperial Resupplicant wars?”

“Old Tuck I do, one arm, one leg, friend he was.”

“He would talk about losing the arm in one rebel-imperial war, and the leg in another ... like it was a ‘thing’ ... normal. Master Yoda, my family is dead in a horrible fashion, so many souls slowly and miserably dissolved because of ANOTHER “RISE OF PALPATINE” calamity. I’m tired of it Yoda ... tired ...” Ty put his head in his hands,

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as he sat there, by a fire, with ghost-Yoda, talking about the slaying of of his family.

“Real enemy, never empire ...”, whispered ghost-Yoda.

“That’s nonsense ... we’ve always been at war with the empire.”

“Why always? Why end it does not?”

“... well ... the forces of darkness have dark force technology ...”

“STOP YOU RIGHT THERE I WILL!” - yelled ghost-Yoda and ghost-Yoda grew big and scary ... his eyes glowed green and weird ... there was a fucking mist that started rising from the swamp ... worse than the normal muck-shit-swamp-gas-smell-gas ... and ghost-Yoda had the eye-lightning going on too ... and hand flames ...

“SORRY MASTER!”, cried Ty ...

And ghost-Yoda relented in his ghost-Jedi powers ... which are limited to be honest, but like the STAR WARS franchise ... not that limited.

After they both calmed down, ghost-Yoda continued ...

“Ty ... Carefully, listen you will ... meditation and understanding ... fear do not ... Qui-Gon Jinn ... dead is not ...”

Ty was shocked ...

Ty had heard so many stories concerning Qui-Gon Jinn or “sky scrimper” as many knew him ... boy did Qui-Gon save on frequent flier miles ... he was really good at that ... he scrimped.

Ty knew of his death, in episode #1 ... which Ty understood as the beginning ... which wasn’t episode #4.

“Qui-Gon Jinn, dead is not ... Knowledge found now is ... time is now.”

“What do you mean master?”

“Mean this: cannot believe story ... the cycle of empire and rebellion has been and for always ... always war we have ... always ‘episode #1’ final battles ... always award ceremonies and glad handing bullshit ... resolution found NEVER!”

Ty had wondered about this once. Ty even mentioned, in that recent “amulet struggle” with “Jedi Ray” how pointless it seemed sometimes ... and Ray looked at him ... and she called him racist, and then slapped him.

“Qui-Gon Jinn, dead is not ... Qui-Gon Jinn, plan he has ... find time bracelet he will ... bring to me he must.”

“... but then master, what?”

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“Then? ... seen have I much ... seen have I billions killed ... in the name of ‘victory’ all were killed ... Need you to go to planet Foombs, in quadrant 3. Find there Qui-Gon Jinn, find there the time bracelet, to me you shall bring.” Foombs was a planet in the Loontaz System, not far from Shakey’s.

“... and then master?”

And ghost-Yoda grew large, like 100 feet tall, and he was glow’y in a way you could only imagine if you posited the existence of weird particles, or tiny little creatures that live in your eardrum.

“A PLAN I HAVE!” cried ghost-Yoda, and the swamp planet shook ... or at least that part of it ... and Ty was startled ... and even Ty’s droid, Glymbus-12, sparked a little ... and made weird little fucking droid noises.

With that, ghost-Yoda vanished.

Ty and Glymbus prepared their ZX-Fighter for takeoff from that swamp hell-hole ... Ty knew there would be more from Master ghost-Yoda upon his return from the journey to find Qui-Gon Jinn and the time-bracelet paloofery. For now, Ty would journey with the knowledge he had, and the droid he knew, and the ship he love, his “Zisko-Rider”, his ZX ...

“GEER DIP DIP EEREEE”, said Glymbus-12.

“Yes man, we’re headed to that Foombs place ...”

“Vip, vip, vip, toooeres wewew.. .vip”

“No dude ... I’m don’t want any bagels.”

Ty had found Glymbus-12 on a space station truck stop, he was a broken bagel toaster droid that was beaten daily by his owner. Ty bought Glymbus-12, and did not beat him. Glymbus-12 loved this about Ty, the no beating stuff ...

“Space is a fucked up place.”

“DOOP DOOP REEREER NOOBIE”

“You said it man ...”

And Ty’s Zisko-Rider shot fast into the abyss, on its way to a great adventure, to finally end the tyranny of the entire Jedi race.